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The Argument of Lurline.

Wallace's beautiful opera of "Lurline" was produced, for the first time in America, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, recently. It appears to have made quite a sensation among the majors and miners of that vicinity, and the *Golden Era* contains the following admirably-written burlesque by J. KEYSER, Esq.

AIR: "The Tall Young Oysterman."

Count Rudolph was a noble gent, as lived upon the Rhine,
Who spent his money very free in lager-bier and wine;
The Baron Truenfels, likewise, was neighbor of the same,
Which had a rather uppish girl — G. Truenfels by name.

Rudolph would wed Miss Truenfels, but wasn't it a go?
Each thought that t'other had the tin (you know how lovers blow),

But when old T. says "Pungle down," Count Rudolph he says
"Stuff;

I've youth and rank, that's more than gold," says G., "It ain't enough."

"I want a diamond thingamy — likewise a nice troosoo,
I want a kerridge of me own, and so young man adoo;"
The Baron also cuts up rough — but Rudolph is content,
And merely takes a stiffer horn, observing, "Let her went."

Now just before this jolly row, a gal they called Lurline
Was living down at Lurlineburg, of which she was the queen;
She was a lady Dashaway — when water was on hand,
But had some spirits of her own she likewise could command.

This girl close by a whirlpool sat — this female named Lurline,
And played with most exquisite taste upon the tambourine;
The way the sailors steered into them whirlpools was a sin —
Young man beware of sich sirens who thus take fellers in.

Now Count Rudolph was wide awake, beyond the power of suction;

Which caused Lurline to fall in love and seek an introduction,
And when he's tight, one day she slips a ring upon his finger;
And thus Count Rudolph is bewitched by that bewitching singer.

Then straightway in his boat he jumps, which soon begins to sink,

While all his brave com-pan-i-ons are yelling on the brink:
"You're half-dead-over now, you fool — come back, you'll surely drown;"

Down goes the gallant German gent, a whistling "Derry Down."

Down, down among the oyster beds, he finds his sweet Lurline
A cutting such a heavy swell — a gorgeous submarine;
Her father Rhineberg's very rich, and fellers said, who punned,
"He took deposits from the tars and kept a sinking fund."

Count Rudolph did consent to stay at Rhineberg's flash hotel,
And half made up his mind that with Lurline he'd ever dwell.
"I'm partial to the water-cure and fond of clams," says he;
"But such as you, Miss Rhineberg, are a subject quite *per se*."

But suddenly he hears a noise, which made him weaken some.
The howling of his friends above — says he: "I must go hum."

Good-bye, Miss R." "Hold up!" says she, "we'll do the handsome thing,
Pa gives this massy chunk of gold. You keep my magic ring."

So Rudolph takes the ring and gold, and comes home with a rush,

And very glad his neighbors was to see him come so flush.
And even old Miss Truenfels to welcome him began,
And says: "I always thought you was a very nice young man."

Likewise she says: "My eye," and makes believe to faint away.

And sich like gammon. But the count says: "Come, now, that won't pay!"

I loves another!" "Cruel man! That ring I now disliver
Say whose?" "My gal's!" She snatches it and chucks it in the river.

Now one of Lurline's father's help had caught the ring and ran

To her and says: "You see what comes of loving that young man."

Poor Lurline feels somewhat cut up — and to arange her pain
She takes her father's oyster sloop and comes ashore again.

'Twas lucky that she did come up, for Rudolph's friends were bent

On sharing Rudolph's golden store, without Rudolph's consent;

And him they would assassinate, but Lurline she says "Hold!"
And waves a wand until they stand like statocs, stiff and cold.

They stood like statocs on the bridge — it was a bridge of sighs;
For straightway most unpleasantly the tide began to rise;
It rose, but when the river swept away the bridge at last,
They found, although the tide was flood, their chances ebbing fast.

It rose until the wicked all had found a watery grave —
And then it sank and left Rudolph and neighbors in a cave.
Rudolph then marries Miss Lurline; is happy, rich and able
To take the lowest bid to lay the next Atlantic Cable.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

NEITHER UTILE NOR DULCE.

[In this short letter "our own correspondent" discourseth, not of art, but of griefs and grievances; and detailleth how through much trial and tribulation he at length cast his anchor of hope in the h(e)aven of Paris.]

And so week after week passed away and the letters did not come, the bill in the mean time receiving its daily increment until it became

A monster of such frightful mien
That to be hated, 'twas but to be seen.

What could I do about it?

But there are generally compensations, greater or less in degree; and so it now proved. Old periodicals, which I had come to Bonn in part to examine, only "turned up" after all sources, as I had supposed, were exhausted. Moreover, when time began to hang heavily, I fell in with a gentleman from whom I learned many interesting things in relation to the feeding of cattle, the cultivation of fodder, and other like matters of special interest — to a musical man. But, joking apart, the enforced delay in Bonn was the means of my meeting that dear friend, so well known to all the readers of the "Journal of Music," just when the crushing weight of his great calamity was upon him, and of admiring the brave manliness and fortitude with which he met it. It was a great grief, but there were duties owing to himself and others and he went about them with a sort of sad cheerfulness most touching to me.

We had a long discussion of routes, and as I had made up my mind to visit Paris, (being upon the scent of something important), the conclusion was, that we should go together up the Rhine, he to turn eastward from Mayence, I westward from that place. Excepting the Rhine trip, it could make no difference whether I journeyed to the French capital by way of Cologne or Mayence — so, at least, we made it out from our book of railroad routes. So on the bright, sunny autumnal morning of Oct. 17, I at last left little Bonn, and at 10 A.M. joined Dwight, who had gone on the day before to Coblenz. We went immediately on board the steamboat, which was already puffing and blowing, and the next moment were passing the bridge of boats. I have seldom, if ever, seen the Rhine so beautiful as on that day. The stream was swollen by the rains of the pre-

vious months, which had seldom ceased for three days together, and the vineyards and wooded hills, had much of the splendor of our own autumnal scenery. True the Rhine has no forests of grand old trees, nor is the variety of the young growth of wood great. But the beeches, birches, occasional oaks, and its green firs and pines, lent a charming color to the heights. Castles, new and old, repaired or in ruins, looked doubly picturesque in the mellow light and in their beautiful surroundings. The air was cool and exhilarating, and everything was cheerful and inviting.

That is Stolzenfels — that lordly castle, rebuilt, not in the best taste, by order of the King of Prussia, who purchased the ruin, it is said, for 70 thalers, and the village, one long street between the heights and the river, is Capellen. It was there that Paul Flemming's postilion awaited the traveller, while he went up to the ruin and was talked to about the *Homunculus*. And there is Camp, with its tall walnut trees, where the landlady's daughter landed Flemming. Just beyond you see the convent of Bornhofen; above it, are the two ruined castles of the Brothers, and across the river, that small house, with the high steps and small balcony, that is the little, out-of-the-way inn of the Star at Salzig, where Flemming dined and obtained the landlady's daughter with the dark eyes to row him across the river. It was all familiar to me; to my companion it was nearly new. I discoursed and he listened so patiently! The boat landed him opposite Mayence just as evening closed in to take the cars to Frankfort, while I crossed the river. And so we parted.

Now behold the D. in the Karp inn — which is much dearer than it used to be. He has dined and is deep in the study of the routes to Paris. True, the proper way from Bonn would have been *via* Cologne and Namur, a ride of some nine or ten hours, but then this trip on the Rhine would not have been. The landlord of the Karp comes to my assistance, and the conclusion of the matter is, to take the train next morning, at 5:30 return to Bingen, and thence to Kreuznach, and so on to Paris, arriving at 10:10 P.M. So this is happily settled, and Dr. Franklin's maxim is followed, "Early to bed" that I may early rise.

When a fidgetty man, who has no alarm watch, has been allowed to sleep over once or twice at strange inns, he becomes suspicious of the whole tribe of *Hausknechts*, Boots, or whatever name they are known by, and impresses it most strongly upon his mind that he must wake at such an hour. He retires very early, makes every preparation he can think of to be ready at a moment's warning, lays himself in his bed and begins at once to make such preternatural efforts to induce sleep, as to effect a double wakefulness. He cannot even become drowsy. By and bye when almost in despair, he drops off as if he had been shot. A long and dreamless sleep follows. Suddenly he wakes. It is light in his chamber,

(the street lamp), he hears people pass upon the pavement, he is sure that he has overslept. He fidgets for a time, springs to the floor, lights his candle, looks at his watch. It is 11 1-2 o'clock. He has slept perhaps half an hour. He tries it again. He hears the church clock strike three-quarters, and knows it is not yet midnight. He sleeps. When he wakes again it is to hear the dying tone of the great bell again. But what has it struck? He lies and in his efforts to keep awake until it again strikes he overdoes the matter and goes off into a profound slumber. But not for the night; he hears the clock again. One, two, three, is it three-quarters of something, or is it three o'clock? No, he cannot wait patiently; he strikes a light again and finds it not yet two. Well, it is of no use: he will let nature take her own course, and his thoughts go wandering over the world, picking out of his experience, his many similar nights in various lands—and he sleeps again. He wakes, and this time the church clock strikes the four quarters, and follows with the deep-toned voice which announces four o'clock. And now he must sleep no more, for in half an hour he is to rise. As the influence of morning comes, he grows drowsy again, but he arouses himself; he hears the first quarter, and as the second is striking, Boots knocks at the door, "Herr, it is half past four!"

What good has his fidgeting done?

I was already engaged in such ablutions as are possible with the small bowl and pitcher of water usually to be found in German inns, where this seems to be a dearer liquid than wine and beer, when Boots came (punctual to the minute) to arouse me.

It was still quite dark as I passed along the deserted streets to the station, nor was the ticket office yet open. This evening I shall be in Paris, and to-morrow morning with my old college friend, said I, as I paced back and forth and built in the air an imaginary great city, to which I was bound. But it was raw and cold, and I envied those who could sleep for a later train.

Meantime the station becomes astir with the preparations for the early train, and the minute arrives when the ticket-man's little window goes open. "Ein billet nach Paris," say I.

"There is no train thither at this hour. It was suspended two months ago," says the ticket-man. And thus it comes about that I feel no special affection for the landlord of the Karp inn, whose advice I had followed.

"Then there is no getting to Paris to-day?"

"No. But riding all night will bring you there to-morrow morning."

"Which I by no means desire to do."

Now I had a long hour for reflection. The ticket-man, too, seemed to feel sympathy for me, and explained about the two routes, from Mayence, which met somewhere on the way, this side the French capital. One thing was very certain that I must ride all night or stop over somewhere. In strange lands I choose to ride by daylight. I do not understand going abroad to see new countries, and then traversing them in the night. The expense could be but little more, and the result of my cogitations was, the plan of going on to Strasbourg, which the map showed could not be a very long journey, spend the afternoon there in the cathedral, of which I had so pleasant a remembrance from 1850, and next morning go on.

6:30 A.M. Off for Strasbourg. Sun rose gloriously. Ran along the plains, which spread away from the Rhine, with some pleasant gentlemen in the car, bound to Worms, to a great agricultural meeting. Worms all dressed out in flags, and a great to-do generally. Saw the "Herr Graf" and another of my gentlemen drive away from the station in an open barouche, as if they were persons of mark. Very likely they were. Slow train, very—but it at length brought me to one of the many "Neustadts" scattered all over Germany.

Cars to be changed. Man in uniform at the station, very polite and agreeable. Informs me that either here or at Weissenburg I shall have to wait two hours for the express train; thinks I had better stop here, as the place is a pleasant one. I agreed with him, for during the last hour the range of hills on the right, the west, had been growing higher and more beautiful, and Neustadt lies directly at their feet. They are the Haardt Mts.—the blue Alsatian hills, which Paul Flemming could see from the splendid ruin at Heidelberg. I gave my things into the man's care and went off upon a walk.

Just as I started, the train which I had left, started also. And now it struck me that I had left my umbrella on board. Had it been very new or very old, I had not taken it to heart. But our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and it no longer spotted me black and blue with its drippings when it rained. Good bye, old friend.

It was a fine walk over the bridge which spans the railroad, and up the chaussée to the top of the first height; then along a cartway between the vineyards, and along the shoulder of a loftier height, past a house of entertainment for the Neustadt people on holidays, until my cartway brought up in a huge red sandstone quarry. I scrambled out of the quarry, and found pleasant walking on the healthy soil, among the scattered young pine trees, and so came to the top. A higher eminence rose just beyond, and still a second and third beyond that. The last was however too far away for my two hours of time, and I drank the view from the others. Those Haardt Mts. may rise a thousand or twelve hundred feet perhaps from the plain. I stood upon a spur of them jutting out from the main range, so that a good view of their eastern slopes, far away into the blue, was presented. They were no longer blue Alsatian hills, for chestnuts and oaks, young vigorous and leafy, touched by autumn, now made them brown and golden, save where the deep green of pines covered them. To the left was the long range. Below me the small city, and the deep gorge behind it, through which the railroad ran until it plunged into a tunnel and was seen no more. To the right the hills were more clustered and upon one of their lofty tops, the now half restored, huge, old castle of the Maxburg—newly named from king Max of Bavaria, to whom it belongs. But in front what a plain, at least as seen from this height!

And this is a view so utterly unlike anything which I have ever seen in America, so essentially European—why not try, perhaps for the twentieth time, to give an idea of it?—away in the distance, 25, 30, 35 miles, for aught I know, the chain of mountains, where Heidelberg lies, form the dim horizon. All the space between, looking down so far upon it, seems level as a

floor. No hills, valleys, woods are there—all is under the highest culture. Each field distinct by its color, whether of the soil or the crop upon it—no walls nor fences between—a vast, widespread plaid of ten thousand checks. Here and there, like islands in a lake, roofs and fruit trees are clustered in an undistinguishable mass; they are the villages and little towns—no scattered farm-houses vary the scene as with us and in our fatherland, England. I watch trains of cars departing from the station below, and they are not lost behind hills or in excavations, but grow less and less until they disappear in the distance. And over all, to-day, the bright sun sheds a flood of golden light, and flashes upon the surface of the distant Rhine, winding its way seaward.

Where I stand the hilltop is covered with boulders of sandstone, among which a scanty growth of pitch-pines rises; but the mass on which I am is large enough to give me a clear view. It is so still here—no sound but the sighing of the wind in the trees. It would be pleasant to have a companion, but pleasanter to be alone. Ah me! how I feel all this beauty.

Then I plunged down the steep side of the mount, and went through a part of the little city meeting the people in great numbers returning from their fields, some with barrows, some with baskets, some with huge bundles on head or back—all coming home to dinner and bringing beets, potatoes, or turnips with them, for it is harvest time. Not rich people they, but evidently contented, healthy men and women of the peasant class.

I had hurried down from my walk and had half an hour to spare. Calling for my *impedimenta*, lo, with the travelling bags, the umbrella! Who so happy? not so much at not having lost the old friend, as that I had been wise and not expended useless sorrow at its supposed loss. For it is noon, and I, at the earliest, can reach Strasburg not before three or four o'clock. That will, however, give me some time to see the cathedral. The train comes and departs from Neustadt and I go on rejoicing. A common looking man and two pretty children—little girls—say of four and six years—are in the division of the car with me, a passenger or two besides.

"Those children," says one man to another, "are little Americans."

Whereupon I address the father in English, and he tells me how, after many long years at Baltimore, living as a gardener, during which he made one visit home, in the little town to which we shall soon come after passing the French boundary, he is now bringing his motherless children to the care of their grandmother and aunts. Soon the other passengers leave, and then we—the Americans, for he has become a citizen and is proud of it—we have long talks about home. And the little girls are so glad after the long passage to Rotterdam, and then up the Rhine in the steamboat, to find a gentleman to talk English to them; and they are so bright and pretty, and look so *homelike* in their little American sun-bonnets—and then this coarse uneducated Alsatian is so motherly to them—I declare the whole thing assumed something poetic in my eyes even before we reached Weissenburg, which is the French frontier town where we are to have our baggage and passports examined.

The baggage business is accomplished, and I go to the passport room of the station house to

get that document. Mine is lying by itself, and not until the others are disposed of do I touch mine.

"You cannot go on," says the man.

"Why is that?"

"Your passport is not in order. It is not visé for France."

Then for the first time the necessity of anything of the sort strikes me! Not having had any idea before coming to Bonn that anything for my great object could be in Paris, I had no visées, and now I was very suddenly and unpleasantly reminded that they were necessary. What to do? One of my travelling bags goes on to Strasburg, the others I take from the car, and by his advice I go up into the town to the Prefect, where I get my passport viséed to Strasburg. This costs me some three hours waiting for another train. All had gone wrong the whole day and I was in no jolly frame of mind as after dark I entered the station at Strasburg and put up at the inn "de L'Esprit"—the tavern of the Holy Ghost! Sleep is good for a man. He feels more at peace with himself and the world after the night's rest. So, Oct. 19th, I went to the Cathedral and enjoyed its dim religious light, its painted windows, its grand architecture, and then to the prefect for another visé!

"I will go on this afternoon, stop over night somewhere and reach Paris in the middle of the day, where one warm heart, from old college days awaits me," said I.

"Come again at eleven," said the official to whom I applied.

At eleven, the man whose particular signature was wanting, had not been in. "Come again at three in the afternoon," they told me.

"But I shall lose the train," said I.

"What can we do about it?" was the reply.

3 P.M. "Come again at four." Well, the train was long since off, so it made little difference with me now. At four the important document was handed me, but was only viséed to Chalons. There is then nothing to do now but go on in the night train to that city and there get a new visé. In the station house, it occurred to me to ask of the policeman if I must stop at Chalons? He rather laughed at me for putting so simple a question.

"Nobody will look at your passport," he said, "take your ticket direct to Paris."

Well, he ought to know, and I did so; rode all night; reached this city, Saturday, Oct. 20, just as I reached Berlin, Oct. 20, 1849, feeling myself in a very strange garret.

As to this passport business I can't understand it, but I have fully made up my mind to three things, (after thus losing three days' time and some twelve or fifteen dollars), which I add as

MORALS.

I. Do not go round when the direct route lies right before you—as from Cologne to Paris.

II. Before you travel in Europe see that the passport is in order.

III. Never go out of your way to do a good-natured act. A. W. T.

Cimarosa.

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

The *Matrimonio Segreto* and *Il Barbiere* are works endowed with eternal youth; there is no need of singing this refrain that was written to

celebrate the happiness of Alcestis and Admetus, and set to such beautiful music by Gluck.

Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles,
Tendres amants, heureux époux!
Le printemps et l'amour, de leurs mains immortelles,
S'empressent d'en cueillir pour vous.

The flowers with which Cimarosa and Rossini knew how to adorn the brows of their favorite scores need not wait for Spring and Love to come to renew them. Genius has given them immortality; they will enchant with their freshness and perfume, the future generations, (to which nevertheless such odd things are dedicated), as they have enchanted our fathers, and as they now enchant us.

It is because this union of Alcestis and Admetus, that model and paragon of human unions, was intimate close, complete, as is also the union of words and sounds, of melodies and situations in these two productions so full of genius.

Never has music spoken better, never has language sung better. There is no need that you should be *dilettante*, or know a word of Italian; you can understand, the play of the actors assisting you, both the *Matrimonio* and the *Barbiere*, not with that mild and vague sort of comprehension which takes in only great things, but with that lively perception, that lets nothing pass, just as you understand the most ravishing pieces of the *Theatre Francais*. O Cimarosa! O Rossini! In your mouths does music indeed become an universal language.

Nor is it alone by a community of genius that these two beloved sons of the Italian Muse are united. There are other bonds of union. See with what expressions of tenderness, respect and admiration, the survivor speaks of his predecessor. Hear him pronounce those words which he repeats so willingly. "When, said he, I was all powerful at the *Theatre Italien* of Paris, I caused the *Matrimonio Segreto* to be brought out by Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Mme. Malibran and Mlle. Sontag. It is a treat which I offered to myself."

We must believe, for the credit of the public of that time, that it knew how to enjoy as it should, the divine enjoyment of such a work given by such interpreters.

In his youth, Rossini had the good fortune to find his equal in love and admiration for Cimarosa. This was the Cardinal Gonzalvi, an intelligent, amiable and tolerant man who constituted alone, during a pontificate, the whole Papal government. Every Thursday the artist went to dine with His Eminence, and in the evening they *cimarosa-ed* together most zealously. At first it was only two airs, lately taken from the immense repertoire of the author of the *Matrimonio*, prepared during the week with the greatest care. Then they wandered at pleasure as the recollection or fancy of the moment might dictate. Sometimes the Cardinal shed abundant tears even at hearing mere *buffa* airs by the master of this class of airs. Stendahl, who knew this fact, attributes it to the great dilettantism of the statesman. But he overlooks a fact which information from the most reliable source enables us to establish, viz: that *Monsignore* and Cimarosa had been connected by the closest friendship, had passed their youth together, and that they had given, with each other's assistance, many a serenade under the balconies of the fair Roman ladies. And so, all is explained.

Perhaps also, the all powerful minister of

State, knew, more surely than it could be known in his time, or in our own, the true cause of the premature death of his admirable friend, which all Italy attributes to the imprisonment of Cimarosa in the abominable dungeons of Naples, after the reaction caused by Queen Caroline and Lord Nelson.

The crime of the composer was having written a cantata in honor of the Parthenopean Republic. It is true that he had also written, in 1786, for a royal birthday, another cantata entitled: *La Nascita del Delfino*, and that the Parthenopeans had just the same reasons for imprisoning him that the *Carolins* had. But revolutions pardon oftener than do counter-revolutions.

Whatever the cause, whether dilettantism, memories of friendship, or regret for the loss he had suffered, the Cardinal was never weary of weeping at the music of Cimarosa, and Rossini was never weary of singing it.

So things went along for some time, but with a slight change, which however, is nothing musical in its nature. The *maestro* could not fail to discover, with his rare *erspicaci*, that the table of his Eminence was very far removed in many points, from the immutable laws of the hygiene of a singer. So in the interest of his vocal organ, he came to dispense with the dinners, but always continued faithful to the soirées, the most delightful of his whole life.

Cardinal Gonzalvi had a fine bust of Cimarosa made. As soon as he was no longer all powerful, this piece of sculpture was banished to the obscurest corner of the Capitol. Terrible effect of the cantata, which brought about the ostracism even of the bust of the great man! Surely, musicians should never write anything of this dangerous class.

The fecundity of Cimarosa was prodigious. The *Matrimonio* is his sixty-seventh work, and, (what confounds one with amazement,) the single number sixty-six, of the catalogue that we have before us, comprises five hundred detached pieces composed at St. Petersburg for the service of the Court of Russia. Now five hundred such pieces are equal in amount, to twenty-five operas of twenty pieces each.

He has left eighty-two works, of which the first is the *Baronessa Stramba*, and the last *Artemisia*. One of these works *Il Convito di pietra* on the subject of *Don Juan*, bears the date of 1782. It is then anterior to that of Mozart. We must believe that this opera embraces great beauties, for after its first representation the Venetians conducted the author in triumph with torches from the theatre to his residence.

Born in 1754, Cimarosa began his career at the age of nineteen years, which was terminated by death at the age of forty-seven. So, in the space of twenty-eight years, he wrote the prodigious repertory of which we have indicated the extent above by some figures.

The most salient trait of the genius of this great man is the inexhaustible abundance of melodic ideas. Again and again he invents new ones bearing the stamp of the most sparkling comic power or of the most touching sentiment. Nor is he wanting in tragic force, in great situations, although it is not his predominating quality.

At times, he attains it with so powerful a hand that he rises to the level, perhaps even above the most famous masters of the serious school, as in the admirable air of the *Sacrifice of Abraham* in

which the most beautiful and happiest of modulations comes in to give to one of the finest theatrical situations known, an accent and relief altogether unparalleled.

It is needless to say that Cimarosa wrote well for the voice. That would be superfluous. He was Italian and had received his musical education in the Neapolitan school of the eighteenth century, the mother and nurse of so many masters who are comparable at least, for purity of style to our great writers of the seventeenth century.

His orchestration is limited almost entirely to the quartet of stringed instruments. From time to time he mingles some touches of flute, oboe, clarinet, horn or bassoon; but he uses them with extreme moderation. In the *Matrimonio*, for example, there is no longer any flute after the third morceau. With these limited resources, then, with which our contemporary sonorists would not be contested to accompany the ditties of a little girl playing with a doll, he produces all the effects, obtains all the colors, and brings into relief all the accents. In the celebrated air, *Pria che spunti*, a simple clarinet added to the quartet gives a coloring, a poetry and a feeling to the orchestration, which it would seem impossible that so simple a thing could produce.

What surprises one the most in an attentive hearing of the *Matrimonio* is the infinite variety that Cimarosa draws from his quartette of stringed instruments. Mozart has done differently, but has done no better, and if, in his manner of treating the quartet, we find more interior ornamentation, we find more amplitude, more flow, so to speak, in that of Cimarosa.

A complete essay upon the form that Cimarosa gives to his musical morceaux, would, it seems to us, be very interesting; but, as we are unable to give it in this place, we will indicate the principal points.

The *morceaux* of Cimarosa are almost always divided into two great parts, the first in a slow movement, the second more rapid. In the first, he exposes and develops one after another the ideas of his libretto, keeping the strictest fidelity to the sense and accentuation of the words. His melodies, which might be called the melody of diction, has in truth all the nature of the best recitative; but it has contour, color, and a serpentine line, if we may borrow this expression from the vocabulary of the plastic arts, of which the finest recitative approaches neither the head or the hands as Panurge says.

His ideas once stated and well developed, he resumes them again in the rapid movement of the second part, making use of the same words, to which he returns to strengthen them. It is precisely the way of proceeding of orators, in the peroration of their discourses with this difference, that orators express themselves in prose, while the melody of Cimarosa is an *ensemble* of the finest musical verses that can be found.

But the difference to be especially noticed between the manner in which Cimarosa treats musical discourse and that employed by Paisiello and Rossini, is that Cimarosa, the better to follow all the movements, all the intentions of the words, and the better to construct, in a word, his melody of diction, invents a new song almost every instant, and does not repeat his principal *motif* often enough to confirm its character of principal *motif*, while Paisiello and Rossini make prodigious account of these repetitions, which making a re-

frain, form, in the body of the musical morceau, divisions and intervals of repose, which give to their songs by a just partition of these interior closes, a light, an effective power, an architectural beauty, so to speak, which those of Cimarosa have not in the same degree.

A morceau of Cimarosa is a discourse in free verse, one by Rossini is a collection of stanzas. Discourse, ode—with these two words, one can get a general idea, sufficiently just, of the differences that separate these two immortal masters, who are united elsewhere by this almost divine faculty of melodic invention.—*Opinion Nationale*.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Thron.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

In the midst of the most mountainous regions in Norway, there is sometimes found a warm dell, which has been fertilized and afterwards become inhabited. Oftener though, such a place is only fenced in and made available as pasture land. The grass is gathered into a barn and remains stored up there, till winter has hardened the roads, when it is carried by cart-loads down to the principal farm-yard. It seldom happens that any one settles there, more seldom yet, if the small tract of land lies three or four miles distant from other farms; the smooth even road and ordinary weather do not lead exactly to that spot. For this reason it is mostly some adventure-loving soul, who undertakes to venture there upon a neighborhood with himself. Amid such a scene, called the Kettle-bottom, Thron was born. The mother sprinkled him with a little water, saying: "Be called Thron, in God's name; such was the name of my father before thee and it will injure no one, to be named after him." Alf her husband sat by; he said nothing and so that was all of it. This took place during the autumn, but spring must come again, ere the couple could fight their way through to the church, to let the priest's hand sanctify and confirm what had been done. Their kinsfolk in the village had well expected such a ride to church, for when the couple appeared there one Sunday, and begged for company and godfathership, Arne, the blacksmith said: "Tis none too early for you to come." "Hem, early enough!" answered Alf. "This was Thron's first visit to church. He was eight years old, and had not yet made the second. 'Can I not get to see that big house also, which they call church, father?' asked the boy. 'Take him once with thee to the village!' demanded the mother, but Alf replied: 'I have enough to carry besides'—and so the matter was dropped for this time. Since Thron's second year, another had been added to the peasant's family. It was not another child, 'for such I have no room' said Alf. It was a poor servant, who was to nurse the child, while the parents were gone to the woods or into the village; and for that purpose they had taken a girl, ten years old and half deaf, whom they could get without wages. In her presence and that of his mother, the soul of the boy was first roused to consciousness; these two his eyes saw daily, hourly. He was not long in comprehending, that he had to cry aloud to the one, to speak low to the other—which his intuitive imagination interpreted in this way; that all the servant-maid bore in her mind was heavy, but that which filled his mother's soul, was light and cheerful, if he only could get hold of it. The father seldom spoke to him; he had hard work to do during the day, and was tired when he came home. On Sundays he slept, to get fresh strength for the week; and therefore this day was the worst for the boy. 'Hush, be still, Thron!' whispered the mother incessantly, and beckoned menacingly with her hand. But the father had long since attained so large a place in the boy's dreamy fancies, that he did not even wish to

talk to him. Such was the case since that Christmas eve, when Thron got his new cap; they had candle light burning on the table (instead of the train oil-lamp,) ate grits with cream and they sang. Then the father had drawn forth a bottle, such as Thron had never seen—for "it was white." After Alf had drunk out of it, he had taken the boy on his lap, had stared gloomily into his eyes and called out: "Pooh, you imp!" Then he had said: "I see thou are not afraid—and therefore thou shalt now hear a fairy tale." This tale told of a fairy who rode in one night from the King's castle at Copenhagen up to Walders (in Norway.) He, the father, stood behind on the sleigh next to Jutal, a goblin, and had great difficulty in holding tight on during the fast ride.

Something so wonderful Thron had never heard in all his life; he could never get it "out of his head," and for several years connected it with the ideal person of his father. If the latter came home late he had been at Copenhagen; if he laid down to rest tired and had a turn, it was only because the goblin had been driving too hard, and on the whole nothing about him went in the common natural course. All that lay beyond the horizon of his home, was in his opinion Copenhagen or Walders; it lay marvellously remote, far, far off and these things did not wind up plainly as every thing at home. The tale filled his mind so entirely for several days and nights, that for a while he did not think of asking his mother or Randi (the deaf girl) for more of that kind. To his great delight however, the mother knew many stories, yet nevertheless none, that equalled the first in any way. The most remarkable feature in those of the mother was, that both the cat and the sheep, as well as the cow, could speak for some time; and if they could not actually do it always, yet "they often come very near it," Thron said—while he cast, somewhat oppressed, a glance across the room at the old cat. Besides there was many a thing in the woods, from which it was best to keep at a distance as it seemed. The goblins were to be seen now here, now there, and when twilight was settling down, Thron fancied he saw, how they wrapt in mists and vapors, the whole little flock of cows and sheep. The father soon found out that the mother was in the habit of telling him tales, but he did not like to hear of it. Only when Thron was afraid to go out doors, Alf became so angry, that he said to his wife; it served her right that the goblins should come and fetch her away, just for having frightened the boy so. So then it is true indeed that there *are* goblins, "Thron thought and pressed closer to the mother, seeking for shelter. From this time forth, she would not narrate any thing more to him, and he therefore addressed himself to Randi, who was always so silent and kept by herself. She knew only one story of a blind girl, who might get her sight back, if a beautiful prince should come and offer her his hand and half his kingdom. The Lord's word he learnt late enough; it was the father himself, who made the son acquainted with that, for Alf was a well read man. It was all taught him in the very words of the Scriptures, but it did not quite impress itself in the brain of the boy exactly, as it stood in the book. God, the father, was to him for a long time the highest King of Goblins with a grey beard and large eyes; he lived somewhere quite near and could see all. For his sake it was also not advisable to dip his finger again in the cream pot, while the mother was at the cow stable.

Thron might be about nine years old, when on a winter's evening after Christmas, a stranger entered the house, carrying a box upon his back. "God's peace be over thy house!" said he, looking around; Thron stole quietly over to Randi: "God's peace to thee also!" said the mother, and she pushed a stool towards him, in order to make him sit down. "Are not you the Fiddle-Knud?" she then said, when the fire flickered brighter and lit up his face. "This time you are

for e - - - ver - more, for e - - - ver -
 more, from hence - - forth and for e - - ver -
 - - - ver - more, from hence - forth
 Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el,

more,
 more, from hence - forth and for e - - - ver -
 Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from
 Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from

Prais'd be the Lord, the
 - - - ver - more, Prais'd be the
 hence - forth and for e - - - ver - more,
 hence - forth and for e - - - ver - more,
 f

Lord, the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, the
 Lord, the Lord, the God of Is - ra -
 Prais'd be the Lord, the
 Prais'd be the Lord,.....

God,..... Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra -
 el,..... Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra -
 God of Is - ra - el, Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra -
 the God of Is - ra - el, Prais'd be the Lord,

el, from hence - forth and for e - - ver - more, from
 el, from hence - forth and for e - - ver - more, from
 - el, from hence - forth and for e - - ver - more, from
 Praise him from hence - forth and for e - - ver - more, from

hence - forth and for - e - - ver - more, Prais - ed be the

hence - forth and for - e - - ve - more, Prais - ed be the

hence - forth and for - e - - ver - more,

hence - forth and for - e - - ver - more,

sempre più.

Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from hence - forth and for e - - -

Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from hence - forth, from hence - forth and for

Prais - ed be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from hence - forth and for

Prais - ed be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, from hence - forth and for

ver - more,

e - - - ver - more, Prais'd be the Lord,

e - - ver - more, for e - - ver - more, the God of

e - ver - more, Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra -

This musical score is for the hymn "Praise to The Lord, The God of Israel." It is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Is - ra - el, the the God of Is - ra - el, the the God of Is - ra - el, the the God of Is - ra - el." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and moving lines.

God of Is - ra - el, from hence - forth and for e - - -

God of Is - ra - el, from hence - forth and for e - - -

Is - ra - el,..... from hence - forth and for e - - -

- el, from hence - forth and for e - - - ver - more,..... for

Musical score for the hymn "The Power of Jesus Name." The score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, with a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "The power of Jesus Name, / How wonderfully it saves, / How wonderfully it saves, / How wonderfully it saves." The piano part features a prominent bass line with a walking bass pattern.

not mistaken, Aaste, he replied—many a thing we have gone through, since I played on your wedding-day." Now he related, that he had been in the village on the other side of the mountains till after Christmas, and had earned a good deal of money. On his way home, just on the summit of the mountain, he felt so strangely unwell, that he had thought it would be best again to mingle among men, before walking over the heath. Thronnd noticed that the man had black hair, which he had never seen before—and wore a jacket much longer than that of his father. He had a scar on his face and did not say: "In Jesus name," when he sat down to eat. This man soon after became so sick, that he had to go to bed. "I believe, I shall not get up any more," he said. "Ah, don't talk so," replied Aaste and she covered him up warmly. Thronnd had to lie on the floor this night, the fire flashed on the hearth and he could not sleep. All at once he felt very cold, especially on one side; but he well understood, why it was so, for he fancied he was lying out in the forest. He was astonished and wondered how he got there, the fire he saw at a great distance, and yet it must be burning in the house because the stranger guest was sick. He rose to approach the fire, yet he could not move from the spot. He struggled and pressed forward—for how in the name of God could a whole night be passed in the woods? Then he heard singing, far, far away. He had heard the melody previously—it was a choral—first one sang, and that was the mother, then there were two, three, twenty, many—it was so sweet and delightful to hear.—All at once there was a dead silence and one said: "Let us take him up and carry him somewhere." Then he recollected that he was in the wood—he felt cold again and wanted to cry, but he could not. "They say it is good to say a Paternoster," he thought, yet he could not find the beginning. Now somebody seized him by the shoulder, so that he got his speech back again and called out, "Mother!" in a way to make him shudder at his own voice. "You sleep very restlessly," she said; she stood near him and assisted him in getting up. Of the stranger he saw nothing more; he had gone away, the mother said.

The next day the father came home and worked at a black box—the mother came down from the garret in her black dress—she was to go to the village. She came home, accompanied by three men, who looked so much like one another! Though one had a high pointed cap and the others wore flat caps, yet Thronnd could never make out, which of the men it was, who wore the high cap. They ate and then placed the box, which the father had made, on a cart. "Here is one more" said the mother, and then came to meet them with the box, Knud had carried on his back. "Ay this one he may take, one of the men said, pointing at Thronnd. The mother asked him to thank the man. "Use it as well as he did who left it to you," said the latter and laughed. Then they went slowly away. "What is in this box mother?" the boy asked, when they stood in the room again. "Look at it yourself." That he did. In a handkerchief there lay something fine and light; so light it seemed, that Thronnd remained seated and only looked at the thing. "Take it!" said the mother. "It will not break, I hope?" he asked, and put his finger upon it. Quite pale he started back and springing up, "It weeps!" he exclaimed. Thus it happened that Thronnd got his violin. The violin was black and so was also the Bohemian, who owned it, and whether it was for was not he fancied, that the two resembled each other. That which to him was new and mysterious in the man, he ascribed also to the instrument and that night of witcheries, in which the stranger had arrived, lay in it also, with all its contradiction to reality, its dreams and truth. Alf had once learned a little fiddling, and great was Thronnd's earnest devotion, when he learned of his father how to handle it. It filled the boy almost with awe, in spite of

himself, when his father compelled the instrument to sing the only two melodies, which he knew, namely: The "Lur-Song" and the "Haukefeld." All the fairy tales, nay even all, that he had ever thought, had now to follow him and actually danced over the chords. The *bow* was Jutul, the goblin, and when he rushed over all the strings and through all the scales, this was again the fairy, who rode from Copenhagen to Walders in one night. The "soft quint" was his mother, the next string, which always followed the mother was Randi, the third one had a rough voice and that was the father; the bass was a magnificent chord, but mysterious—it resounded up to him, he was almost afraid of it and dared not give it any name. If he brushed it so, that it made only one tone together with the third, then they seemed like the three strangers; they looked so much alike, that he never knew which of them wore the high cap. If he made the bow strike with its own weight, so that it played very softly as if heard in the distance, this was the goblins, who played within the mountain. A blunder on the "quint" was the cat, one on the bass-string—the cow. Every dance which he learned, was again something definite. One was Moses, who stammered and struck with his staff, another one was the mother in her black robe, at last one tune composed only of long strokes,—that was the king. "But for this constant fiddling," the father exclaimed, scolding, "Ah, thou hast no reason to complain, thou art out-doors the whole day long," answered Aaste, but what shall we say, who have no ease nor peace from sunrise to sunset? "Take the fiddle from him!" said the father. "I have often thought of it" said the mother, but on the next day she taught him a new dance. She knew more melodies, than she herself was conscious of, for Aaste had not always been past thirty, and had not always lived as quietly as now. "What dost thou think of mother?" said, the boy sometimes—"for well nigh half an hour, thou hast been singing the same song for me."

Up to this time he had never yet been allowed to go out with them on the pasture grounds; now not a fine day passed, without his wandering about on the heights alone. If he felt oppressed occasionally, he played on his violin and whatever there was of evil about him, that he forced into it too. When he sat on the mountain-bog, playing, nothing stood fixed before him—neither hills, nor bush, nor rock—they floated. Yet when he became older, he made up dancing-pieces by himself, and since he played the greater part of the day, all that he had learned and experienced, became interwoven also. Every dance, therefore, appeared to him alike beautiful and it never occurred to him to try a comparison; for they all were a work of necessity, every piece. He only perceived that formerly whole melodies bore the signification of his father, mother, the mountain or the wood, while now one single stroke might be thus interpreted. Finer and more attractive, every dance became to him, the more he put into it of feeling and imagination. Once he heard his father relate, that a boy, a little larger than he, had made much money by his playing at the last market fair. This startled him and the idea began to whirl about in his brain. "The boy certainly could not play as I do?" Thronnd thought. When the time of the next fair approached, he asked his mother, when not in his father's hearing, whether he might not go to the market with them. "You are crazy, boy! never let any thing of that kind come to the ears of your father!" said his mother. Yet one day, when they worked together in the field, she said to Alf: "We really act sinfully with the boy; only one single time he has got away from the spot where he first saw the light—that was when he was first baptized." "Ay, we shall miss him soon enough," said Alf, so that the mother felt a strange woe creep round her heart. Since that time Thronnd was silent; but then again once, when

they threshed rye, she ventured farther on. "He, our Thronnd I mean, plays really so beautifully, that he might earn a fine lump of money at the market, take him along, do!" Alf knew how many things the boy would see there, which would afterwards revolve in his brain,—therefore he said: "That might be dear money to us, which he would earn there." Aaste looked at him and remained silent. But when the boy had once directed his eyes to the outward world, he could never turn them back again into himself. Upon another time, some months afterwards, Alf and Aaste spoke at the dinner table about some new settlers near by, who were just to be married; but they had great trouble in getting one thing and another done for them; among others, they could not obtain musicians. Why, God bless them! could not I be the musician? thought Thronnd; but he did not say anything. He waited for his mother until she should be alone in the kitchen. And in spite of all the father had to suggest and remonstrate against, the mother was on the right way and bade the son to offer himself. "He is only a boy yet, but still he plays so, that you feel quite strange and sorrowful in your heart, said the mother, "Certainly he would come and accompany them to church, according to custom," suggested the bridal couple—"if it should not do—no matter, they would not mind it, but might then take another one at the village." Can you imagine any one more glad than Thronnd now was? All that he expected to behold there, met and mingled already with the tunes he was going to play, and it was only with great effort, that he endured the collision. Little he slept in those nights, which lay between that day and the nuptial festival, and from the moment he rose, till late, when his father returned, he played unremittingly. He went with his violin from the chamber to the wood, from the rocky steep down to the fir tree precipice, and played. "Thou art actually fading away my boy," said his mother, pushing his hair back from his forehead. "Ay, I must see what I can do!" said Thronnd.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

The String Quartet.

The String Quartet is one of the purest musical fundamental forms. It grew up with the Symphony both nursed by the hands of the same masters. While these, in their large orchestral works, calculated for large, spacious halls, addressed a large audience composed of the most varied elements, they are, in their String Quartet, so to speak, at home for their friends and selected guests. They then approach us confidentially, and disclose to us their most secret thoughts and emotions. The String Quartet remains far behind the Symphony, in point of power of sound and variety of tone coloring, but it gains by this very limitation an increase of life and richness of development. Precision and delicacy of drawing compensate for the missing charm of colors.

Four of the noblest members of the orchestra step out and form a sub-committee for a general talk on musical affairs. They are all of the same family, and consequently all entitled to an equal share in the debate. Each may demonstrate his individuality freely, but with that due consideration of the opinions of his fellow committee-men which their high standing in the musical world entitles them to. Each must be independent but not inconsiderate; each must sustain an opinion of his own, but also listen to the reasoning of others; in short, the whole must resemble a lively exchange of ideas and remind of the manner in which four well-bred persons converse on a subject which is equally interesting to all. In other words: the characteristics of the String Quartet an polyphonic treatment and the strictest unity and logical development in its construction.—*Gumprecht.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 10. — Like another Gibbon, I record another Decline and Fall. I place upon the archives of *Dwight's* the fall of Bernard the Great and his operatic dynasty.

Ullman had made extensive preparations for this season at the Academy of Music. If you had met him on any street corner during the past summer, and questioned him about the winter opera he would smile feebly at your benighted ignorance in regard to it, and would then hint mysteriously at the vast preparations and vaster plans which he had under way. Only great operas were to be produced this season, and only great singers were to sing them. Formes, Stigelli, Fabbri, Angri, Cillag, Colson, and others would be mentioned and then the Impresario would have given such a significant nod as if to say, "Wait, ignorant, but well meaning mortal, wait till fall and then prepare thine eyes and ears for sounds they never saw or heard before! Wait till Fall!"

Fall came and a fall indeed it proved to Ullman. He promulgated magnificent advertisements and made the usual affecting appeals to the public. He dilated upon Granger's armor and upon the *mise en scene* of future operas. He announced *La Juive* for the opening night, and when the time came a crowded house argued well for the success of the season.

Probably, our Academy of Music never before presented so brilliant an appearance at an operatic representation. The boxes were filled with handsomely dressed women and the whole house was brilliantly lighted with the same illuminations used at the Prince of Wales Ball. Then the opera was admirably done. The scenery and grouping were unsurpassed, the processions really splendid and the acting and singing of FABBRI, STIGELLI and FORMES everything that could be desired; there was plenty of orchestra, plenty of good singing, any amount of enthusiasm, not quite enough voice from ANNA BISHOP, and a considerable superfluity of QUINT. The opera was a success and the press was unanimous in its praise.

The second night was not quite so brilliant. Only a few of the extra Prince of Wales jets were lighted, and the audience was not as numerous as it ought to have been. The third night was a magnificent performance but rather small as to audience. On the fourth night it was much the same, and then Ullman came out in a card addressed to the *Herald* and copied by all the other papers if addressed to them, reading as follows:

SIR:—It is my painful duty to announce to the public that I see myself compelled to close the opera.

Notwithstanding the unanimity of approbation with which the "Jewess" has been received by the press and the public, the receipts after the first night have fallen greatly below the expenses. This I ascribe to the precarious state of affairs in general, and to the disorganization into which the opera has fallen during my absence in Europe.

Under these circumstances I can not do otherwise but retire from the management, and tender my best thanks for the generous aid I have received from the press, the artists, and all the employees of the opera.

I am, Dear Sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
B. ULLMAN.
Academy of Music, Dec. 4.

Then the opera singers who had all the time been panting for their salaries as the hart panteth for water-brooks, decided to take the management of the opera themselves, and re-opened it on Monday night with "Masaniello." The scenery was shockingly bad and the part of the Dumb Girl, performed as usual in the most incomprehensible manner. But Fabbri sang her little part of Elvira very well, and Formes was a prime *Pietro* and Stigelli a magnificent *Masaniello*. His mad scene in the last act was really thrilling; yet as a whole the opera did not go off as well as it might have done. *Stradella* was advertised for Saturday, but subsequently postponed till Monday night. The weather is now desperately disagreeable and the artists of the Academy have but a poor prospect of success.

CARL ANSCHUTZ appears to be involved in the

fall of the Ullman Dynasty and his place as conductor of the orchestra is taken by THEODORE THOMAS the young violinist who looks "severe in youthful beauty" as he wields the baton — rather nervously it must be confessed — and directs the performance of venerable, spectacled, and bald-headed (no, not eagles) 'cellists and trombonists old enough to be his great-grandfathers. It is always a treat to me to see him in the orchestra. He plays the violin with such careless grace that even his elevation to the orchestral throne does not reconcile me to the loss of his violin performance. Remember that the man don't know me from Adam. I have a sort of general-admiration-for-artists theory. I admire a violin player, a singer (rather wild on the Stigelli question), a horn player, a flutist, and everybody in the orchestra or on the stage, but don't know or want to a soul of them. My experience with smart, clever people and folks of genius, has been that the less one knows of them personally the more one feels like admiring them artistically. So I should deem it an afflicting dispensation of Providence if I had to be personally acquainted with the delightful people I admire. Some day I mean to write you a description of the Academy of Music orchestra and its occupants; but it will be a purely laudatory affair.

That, however, has nothing whatever to do with MASON & THOMAS' soirées, which are certainly the most delightful musical entertainments in the city, after the opera. Dodsworth's room is never crowded to them, and I don't see how they pay. But the audience, though small, is always a splendid one to look at, and you know that staring at people is one of the great delights of going out to public places. There are more strongly individualized "characters" at one of these soirées than in any other assemblage of the same size I have ever joined. But I will not further infringe upon "—it's—" peculiar province by dilating on this entertainment.

Colson, Brignoli, and the rest of the Italian Opera Company are expected here next week to open with a concert the Irving Hall, on the corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth street, the largest public hall in the city, excepting the Academy of Music, which it is so near to. It will be used rather as a dancing than a music room. A concert is also announced for the benefit of HARVEY MAJOR, the one-armed cornet player.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 15, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER — Continuation of the 42d Psalm; "As the Hart Pants." By Mendelssohn.

Mr. Otto Dresel's Fourth Soirée.

1. Sonata, (C sharp minor),Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto—Finale.
2. Two Preludes and Mazurka, (B minor, op. 23),Chopin
3. Spring Song and Serenade,Robert Franz
4. Two Etudes, (E major and E minor),Chopin
5. Songs: Moonlight Night, and "Du meine Seele," Schumann
6. Andante from Symphony,Schubert
7. Allegro Brilliant, for four hands,Mendelssohn
8. The Erl King,Schubert
Arranged for Piano Solo, by Liszt.
Miss Fay.
9. Song: "O, welcome, fair woods,"Robert Franz
10. Marche Hongroise,Schubert
- Slumber Song,Otto Dresel
- Valse, (E♭, op. 18.),Chopin

So these pleasant concerts are over. And instead of looking forward to a musical treat of a Saturday evening, we shall have to be satisfied with reminiscences, pleasant enough, to be sure, but not the thing itself. We know however, that all things in the eternal round of events must come to a close, and so we yield to necessity and are content as best we can. Fortunately for them, some people can live just as contentedly with, as without those soirées, those

at least, that could and did talk quite audibly, having a very nice chat no doubt, during the first and third movements of the C sharp minor Sonata. The only wonder is that such people go to these soirées at all. It seems as if they might enjoy themselves better by staying away. Those round them would surely.

Mr. DRESEL had the assistance of Miss MARY FAY and Mr. KREISSMANN. With Miss Fay he played the Allegro brilliant op. 92, (being No. 21 of Mendelssohn's posthumous works) in A major, and Miss Fay played the difficult Transcription by Liszt, of Schubert's Erlking. We had an opportunity on former occasions to admire Miss Fay's great technical powers. The pieces were well calculated to bring out this proficiency of hers. Her wrist is admirably trained, and the swift staccatoes of the Allegro, as well as the triplets of the accompaniment in the Erlking were played with surprising ease and strength. There was some nervousness apparent in the rendering of the latter piece, which we think might have been avoided by not risking too much. It is never a disgrace to play from notes. Had Miss Fay done so, she would have had strength and nerve enough to play that part of the piece, where it reaches its climax, just before the words of the text: "and in his arms the child was dead," with that degree of force necessary to give it its proper effect. The Allegro opening busily, mysteriously, much like some passages in the Midsummer Night's Dream, has a fine counter-theme in G major, in the style of the two-part songs, and is a most effective, sparkling piece.

The part of the programme played by Mr. Dresel himself included the C sharp minor sonata of Beethoven, with its brooding Adagio, its Allegretto full of pleasant memories, and its passionate, wild Presto—Finale. Whether it was our own frame of mind or not, that had given us an idea of the piece different from Mr. Dresel's conception of it, we are not prepared to say. But in the first movement the rendering seemed too bold and determined, in the last not bold and wild enough. The two preludes by Chopin in D flat and A major, No. 15 and 17 of op. 28, formed a fit transition from the sombre hues of the Sonata. The first of the two with its quiet melody was exactly the piece, to calm down the excitement of the Sonata. The second in A flat, graceful, lovely, contains a beautiful, genial, harmonic effect in its sixth measure, frequently repeated afterwards, where the dominant seventh and the subdominant of A flat follow each other immediately. The half melancholy, half bright Mazurka, in B minor, No. 4 of op. 33, with its trio-like part in B flat, passing in the second statement into B major, and its reverberation for the left hand towards the close, was beautifully rendered. So were the two Etudes, the one in E major, No. 3 of op. 10, and the other in E minor from the first book of op. 25. Spirited also was the rendering of the Valse in E flat, op. 18, full of the fresh, fervent feeling of youthful passion. The March from the Divertissement à la Hongroise, op. 54, in C minor, is arranged from the original composition for four hands by Liszt. Schubert wrote a greater number of most beautiful piano pieces for four hands than any other composer. In this arrangement the Trio in A flat major is fortissimo and brilliant, while the original marking reads pianissimo, and only mezzo-forte in the second part. The change of character produced by doing this is to be charged to Liszt. Nor is the end of the piece in C major as Liszt put it. The mood of the slumber-song by Mr. Dresel is so admirably chosen, that it is to our mind one of the best of its kind existing. The feeling of rest combined with the gentle undulation truthfully represent the situation. In perfect keeping are the harmonic changes of the exquisite little piece. This transcription by the composer of the prize-song "Sweet and low" is an improvement

on his original. We hope it will speedily be introduced here, when it has left the press of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig, where it is about to be brought out, as we understand. The Andante from Schubert's Symphony was beautifully played. The Symphony is rather full, and Schubert amassed in it enough musical material for two good sized symphonies. One could not help noticing the length of the piece, the orchestral effects adding charms, which were lost necessarily on the Piano.

The vocal portion of the programme was a valuable addition to the beauties offered in the other pieces. We think Mr. Kreissman never sang to greater advantage. His voice seemed to acquire new power and expressiveness from the evident inspiration under which he sang. The selection was unexceptionable. It is impossible to say which of the three songs by R. Franz was more graceful and lovely. The spring-song by Arndt, No. 3 of op. 23, in G major, almost throughout in light sixteenths is innocent and sweet; the summer-song by Goethe, No. 2 of op. 16 in C major, is graceful, with perhaps a shade more of joyous animation, while the "Serenade" No. 20, op. 17 in B major, is full of the serenity and sweetness of a night in spring, in its stillness interrupted only by the low breathing of the fresh balmy air. There is a naïve grace in this song, distinguishing it from the two others. The second song was a kind addition to the programme. Mr. Kreissmann sang them with all the grace the composer had embodied in them. But still more sympathetically he entered into the spirit of the two songs by Schumann. A peculiar, tender, mysterious atmosphere pervades the song Moonlight night, op. 39, No. 5 in E major. It is even more. There is a holiness in the simple melody, which seems concentrated in the second half of the musical sentence (m 10—13). The second song, No. 1 of the first book of op. 25 in A flat, is the dedication of a circle of songs, which he inscribed to his dear wife when she yet was FRAULEIN CLARA WIECK. It is a song of love full of deepest tenderness and warmth. He called those four books composing op. 25—a leaf from his autobiography—a "Myrtle-wreath." The myrtle in Germany takes the place of our orange-blossoms, encircling the brow of the intended wife, when, before the altar, "the vows are exchanged for life" as Goethe has it. This name is therefore a very fitting title to a series of songs written under the holy spell of pure love. The singing of Mr. Kreissmann was full of the fire of inspiration and one felt, that his heart was in his singing. The favorite Song by Robert Franz, op. 21, No. 1, "O, welcome, fair woods" so took with the audience, that it had to be repeated, which Mr. Kreissmann did, singing it as splendidly as the first time.

The hall was crowded to overflowing. These concerts formed an important part of our musical season, and we only hope, that the sequel of concerts may exhibit some of the taste and artistic feeling brought to bear on the arranging and carrying out of these concert-programmes. Such concerts, besides giving to the audience pleasant opportunities of revelling in "the Beautiful" embodied in the art of music, help raising the musical taste of a community, and are thus an absolute benefit. We never can have enough of them. There is a wish shared by many admirers of Mr. Dresel and true lovers of music, to which we will give utterance here. It is this, to hear Mr. Dresel in some sonatas with the violin or the violoncello. Though we were perfectly well satisfied with the programmes of this season, it yet seems as if it would add variety and charm to future programmes, to hear the piano in concert with stringed instruments, many of the purest gems of classical music being written for this combination of instruments.

We bid an unwilling farewell to those beautiful

evenings, which brought together audiences of the highest character, the delightful hall being graced by the beauty and refinement of the Boston public. That the concerts were enjoyed and appreciated the full houses testify. These evenings will form a bright chapter of their own "Pleasures of memory" to many. *†

The Concert in aid of the German-English School at the Music Hall, on Monday of last week, was very fully attended, and gave pleasant anticipations of the projected series by the Philharmonic Society. The Symphony was the well known C major of Mozart; and, although the orchestra was inadequate in some respects, the performance gave us sincere pleasure. The violoncellos were sadly missed, and there was a lack of precision which further rehearsals will remedy. The pianists, Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, gave us a duo by Moscheles and the ever welcome "Invitation to the Dance," by von Weber. Mrs. HARWOOD sang Schubert's charming *Barcarolle*, with as much delicacy and spirit as before at Mr. Dresel's concert. But the poetry of this delightful song seems to us wasted in the large space of the Music Hall; it was far more satisfactory in a chamber concert. Mr. SCHULTZE played a fantasia from "Lucrezia Borgia," with his usual smoothness and grace.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our correspondents will confer an additional favor upon us by mailing their communications so that they may reach Boston on or before *Wednesday*. They will thereby secure an insertion in the paper of the next Saturday, and save us the pain of throwing aside communications relating to matters of musical intelligence, that would have been valuable, (often invaluable), if received in season, but which depend for their value upon their freshness.

A FALSE REPORT.—The rumor that has been industriously circulated by mischievous persons the past few days, reflecting upon the credit and stability of Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, the celebrated Piano Forte manufacturers, has not a shadow of truth. We are happy to say, upon the most reliable authority, that this firm were never in a more prosperous and solvent condition than at the present moment, having but few liabilities and immense assets and resources. With them there is no such word as fail.—*Atlas and Bee*.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—Mr. Adolph Sax, the inventor of the brass instruments which bear his name, has obtained an extension of his patent for five years.

At the *Theatre Lyrique*, *Orphée* has been given, alternating with the *Val d'Andorre*. At the Grand Opera, *La Juive*, with Mad. Vandenheuvel Duprez and Mlle. Marie Sax.

An Italian mezzo soprano, Mlle. Maria Talvo, who has attained a high reputation in Italy, has just arrived here. Her voice is one of great compass, purity and flexibility.

A new instrument, the *Harmoniflute*, has been used at some concerts in the Bois de Boulogne. It is introduced into the orchestra, and in the overture to the *Pardon de Ploërmel* is said to have been substituted for the organ with much success.

VIENNA.—Haydn's Oratorio *Il Ritorno di Tobia* which is said to have been found again by Franz Lachner in Munich, was written by Haydn, when 44 years of age, on words by Boccherini, then attached as poet to the Imperial theatre, and was in fact never considered lost in Vienna. The work was first performed in Vienna, on the 2d and 4th of April, 1775, for the benefit of the Musicians' Widows and Orphans Pension fund, repeated in March, 1784, enlarged with two new choruses and performed last in December, 1808. The Oratorio consists almost en-

tirely of Recitatives and Airs written in the old style which Haydn afterwards in his *Creations* and *Seasons* entirely discarded. The two most important Choruses in the work have been performed repeatedly in the *Concerts spirituels*. One of them under the title of Storm Chorus, with Latin text, *Insane vane cura*, has become a favorite Motet for Church choirs. The score of the Oratorio entire may be found in the musical archives of Prince Esterhazy, and a duplicate copy in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire. Notwithstanding all the respect due the immortal master it must be considered an ill advised step to drag this work forth from oblivion.—(*Wiener Recensionen*.)

DRESDEN.—The bronze statue of *Carl Maria von Weber* was uncovered on the 11th of October, in presence of the King and several members of the Royal family. The statue is placed in front of the Court-theatre. The model was finished by Rietschel, in 1858, and it was cast the year after at the works of Count Einsiedel, at Lauchhammer. The statue has a height of eight feet. The pedestal, of granite, is of the same height, and bears upon a bronze tablet the simple names of the great composer.

BERLIN.—Press and Public lavish the most extravagant praises upon a new Prima Donna, Signora *Zelia Trebelli*, from Madrid. She had appeared as Rosina in the "Barber," and Arsace in "Semiramide." Her voice ranges from F sharp below to D above the staff. She is reported to resemble Sontag in her sunniest days.

MAD. CASTELLAN, formerly well known in this country, who first took the rôle of Bertha, in the *Prophète*, is about to return to the lyric stage, from which she had withdrawn. She will sing first at Hanover.

OLE BULL has determined to make another artistic tour, and is soon to appear in Leipzig.

The Countess de Sparre, celebrated when Pasta sang at the Italian opera as the brilliant Mlle. Naldi, has received a legacy of \$100,000. She is the daughter of Naldi, celebrated in his day for a buffo-comico Italian singer; but her retirement from the stage in 1823, upon her marriage with Count de Sparre, a French general, prevented her from acquiring the reputation she might easily have commanded had she pursued her profession. She received this legacy from Mons. Hermann Lippus, an old stock broker, who died childless, and without any kindred, a few days ago.

Hector Berlioz, the Parisian composer, has an admirer, who has proposed to advance \$10,000 to the manager of the Lyric theatre, upon condition the latter brings out his opera, "Les Proyers." The malicious say (and this certainly detracts a great deal from the value of the compliment, if it prove true) the amateur who made this proposal entirely forgot to accompany it with his or his banker's address, without any regard for the manager's curiosity, which is greatly excited to discover this particular.

LOW VOICES.—There was a celebrated bass singer, of the name of MEREDITH, who lived some forty years ago, at Liverpool; he possessed a most powerful voice of great compass, and he was a man of six feet high, with a corresponding bulk. Meredith was informed that there was a man residing at a village in the Vale of Clwd, about forty miles from Liverpool, who could sing lower than he could. Jealous of a rival, he determined to pay the man a visit; so off he trotted, and, towards the evening of the second day's walk, he arrived at the village; and on being informed that John Griffith was digging in his garden, Meredith sauntered about for some time, taking a bird's eye view of the unconscious basso, who was but a little fellow compared with himself. At length, he drew himself up to his full height, and, looking over the hedge, said, on low A in the bass, "Good evening to you, friend." The digger rested on his spade, and answered on low D, a fifth below Meredith, "The same to you, friend." On which Meredith turned on his heel, and walked off, rather disconcerted for a time; but afterwards, he used to recount the adventure with a good deal of humor, concluding with, "So, the delver double D'd me, and be d—d to him."

We call the attention of those of the musical parents of this city, who have daughters growing up, to Mr. Zerrahn's advertisement. Children who show a taste for music should by all means be encouraged and taught to sing. It is not everybody who can have the luxury of a piano and a long course of training by a good teacher, nor are there more than one tenth of them that derive any real musical enjoyment from it afterwards. But vocal music such as beautifies one's home, and constitutes the means of admission to Choral Societies, is easily learnt. It will yet, and we trust, in not very distant time, be considered an indispensable accomplishment for young persons of good culture, to be able to read music correctly and readily. In the meanwhile it is well that men like Mr. Zerrahn should give their attention to this branch of instruction. We trust he will find encouragement. We understand that one set of classes such as he proposes is in successful operations.

The editor of the *German Musical Gazette* in Philadelphia, a paper, by the way, which we heartily recommend to our German musical friends, observes on piano-classes: "The opinions entertained by different competent persons on this subject, all agree, that only a very excellent teacher will meet with success in class-teaching, and that this method is the most inefficient one, when it is employed by no more than common talent."

CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS.—The Mazurkas of Chopin, which have been given in our music pages are taken from a volume of them now in press by Oliver Ditson & Co. It will be eagerly sought for by all skilful pianists on its appearance, who will also be interested in Madame Kinkel's remarks on the composer, to be found in the last number of the "Journal of Music."

New Music.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ, arranged for the Piano-forte by Alfred Dörmann. Oliver Ditson & Co.

This arrangement of Weber's famous opera, which has filled our music pages for some time past, is now complete, and is a desirable addition to the musical libraries of amateurs. We learn from the *Gazette Musicale* that this opera has been translated into ten different languages, viz., French, English, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian and Polish, the original German making the tenth. This fact alone speaks for its universal popularity.

New Books.

A NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE. By Nathan Richardson, author of "The Modern School," &c. pp. 239. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A method for the piano, containing all the instructions and exercises necessary to the acquisition of a tolerable mastery of the instrument, has long been a desideratum. To meet this want, we have methods by Beyer, Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, Hummel, Hunte, Knorr, Müller, &c.; none of which are entirely satisfactory, although each possesses some peculiar merit. An instruction book for the piano, in order to meet the wants of teachers and pupils, must possess certain characteristics, e. g.: 1st. A sufficient number of mechanical exercises, including the scales in every key, both major and minor, and in all movements. 2d. Studies to aid in the mastery of particular difficulties such as octaves, arpeggios, staccato, legato, singing tone, &c. 3d. There should be interspersed with these a number of extracts from different authors, to serve as amusements, studies in style, and for cultivating a correct taste. 4th. The book ought to contain complete, though concise directions, in regard to the manner of practising each exercise, study, or amusement. And finally, the whole ought to be arranged in a progressive order, from the very simplest exercise for beginners, to the extremely difficult studies, or exercises at the close.

In the *Modern School*, (published in 1853,) Mr. Richardson, then just returned from several years' study under the best masters in Europe, attempted to solve the problem. The "fundamental conception" was excellent; but the execution was faulty, from a lack, on the part of the author, of an extensive

teaching experience, without which no one can write a good elementary book in any branch of knowledge. In the words of Mr. Richardson, the method was unsatisfactory in relation to "the difficult progressions and management of many important features in a course of piano tuition, a skilful treatment of which is indispensable to the pupils' rapid progress." Even the mechanical exercises were not well arranged. The scales in double thirds and sixths were introduced very near the beginning of the book, and their difficulty either discouraged the enthusiastic tyro, or they were too often omitted entirely, thereby depriving the pupil of their very important aid in the development of the muscles of the hand and wrist. The compositions interspersed as examples of the styles of different authors, although tastefully and artistically selected, were too difficult for their place in the book. Indeed, Mr. Richardson seems to have lost sight of the apostolic remark concerning "milk for babes." In the *new method* he has embodied the results of several years' study of the short comings as well as of the excellencies of the Modern School. A set of plates, showing the position of the hand while in the act of performing different passages, takes the place of the anatomical plates in the *Modern School*, and is a decided improvement. The elements are quite full and satisfactory. The practical part of the book may be classified as follows:—1. Five finger exercises. 2. A complete library of scales. 3. Studies from Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, &c. 4. Amusements.

These are interspersed in just about the right proportions, and the progressive character of the work is well preserved. Of the necessity of the finger exercises and scales nothing need be said. We are glad to find the book so full in this respect. A study, properly so called, is a composition written expressly to aid in the acquisition of the mastery of some particular effect or difficulty, and the musical effect is made to depend upon the perfect rendering of this difficulty. In Europe much greater prominence is given to studies than in this country. (Indeed, Bertini's method is almost entirely made up of studies, and this is the good point of the work while the drawback is, they are all original, and hence the great uniformity of style.) In this book there is a very good selection of these, numbering twenty-seven, besides some fifteen which are called "amusements," but which properly belong on this head. The "amusements" are numerous and of almost every grade of difficulty. The sources whence these are taken are not indicated; but we are able to identify the following: chorus from Norma (17—a barcarolle (18)—Hunting chorus in "Der Freyschütz" (29)—waltz (Derniere pensée de Carl Maria von Weber) Reissiger (31)—andante from Clementi (35)—chorus from I Paritani (40)—cantabile by Schulhoff (45)—Mazurka by Schulhoff (46)—Songs without words by Mendelssohn (48 and 49)—nocturne by Droyschok (51) and a grand finale that looks as if Liszt might have "had a hand in it."

There are some *morceaux* in this work that will prove grateful "show pieces" for amateur players. We may mention amusements 45, 46, 48 and 51; all good, sensible music. There have been two editions published, one having European and the other American fingering, so that all may be suited in this respect. We have at length an instruction book for the piano, that is complete without being too voluminous; interesting, but not superficial; thorough but not tedious. If pupils have common sense and perseverance, this book is just the thing for them. If teachers are laborious and painstaking, they will find the "New Method" a valuable auxiliary to their labor, while if they are lazy and careless, by all means they should set their pupils at work in the "New Method," in assurance that with it the pupil must make some progress. We believe, however, that by far the most important field for usefulness for a book like this, is in the country; since the city teachers, with their ready access to the music stores, can select such studies, exercises or pieces as are adapted to the wants of their pupils, and the method they may use is of less consequence, while its defects may be so readily remedied. In the country, on the other hand, the teacher, far removed from music stores, is at the mercy of the dealers, who often inflict on him quantities of unsaleable trash. Parents object to an additional bill for music, or the teacher is not competent to select properly, so it happens that scholars in general buy but one "instruction book" and no "studies," and it is therefore important that they be furnished at the outset with a really complete "method" for the instrument. We therefore confidently recommend this book to our country friends, both teachers and pupils, who will here find a complete library of "materials," for piano playing, and a good assortment of some thirty amusements.—*National Quarterly Review* for December.

Special Notices.

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This little piece, one of Voss's earlier works has long enjoyed an immense popularity among amateur players in Germany. It is a real gem. The sentiment of the title is charmingly expressed by the music.

Anne Lisle. Varied. *Chas. Grobe.* 50

A new set of Variations by the always fascinating Grobe is quite a piece of good news for the world of piano-players, at large. His subject this time is a popular song by Thompson, which appears to best advantage as exhibited by the eminent professor.

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Pretty little sentimental pieces.

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LIBRETTOS of SAFFO, LE PROPHETE, and DINORAH, (Le Pardon de Ploermel). Each with Italian and English Words, and the Melodies of the Principal Airs. 25

The above are this week added to the popular Series of Opera Librettos published by Ditson & Co. They are perfect gems in their way and deservedly favorites among the admirers of the Opera.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

